

SAYINGS

OF

PADY FROM CORK.

BEING

An elegant Conference between

English Tom, and Irish Teague.



Sold at CIRENCESTER.

The Comical Sayings of Pady, from Cork



Tom. **G**OOD morrow fir, this is a very cold day ?

Teague. Arra dear honey, yesternight was a very cold morning.

Tom. Well brother traveller, what nation art thou ?

Teague. Arra dear shoy, I came from our own kingdom.

Tom. Why fir I know that but where is thy kingdom ?

Teague. Allola dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland.

Tom. O you fool, Cork is not a kingdom but a city.

Teague. O then dear shoy, I am sure it is in a kingdom.

Tom. And what is the reason you have come and left your own dear country.

Teague. Arra dear honey, by shaint Patrick they have got such comical laws in our country, that they'll put a man to death in perfect health ; so to be free and plain with you neighbour, I was obliged to come away, for I do not chuse to stay among such people that can hang a poor man when they please, if he either steals, robs, or kills a man.

Tom. Ay, but I take you to be more of an honest man than to steal, rob, or kill any person.

Teague. Honest, I am perfectly honest, when I was but a child, my mother could have trusted me with a house full of Mill-stones.

Tom. What was the matter, was you guilty of nothing ?

Teague. Arra dear honey, I did harm to nobody, but fancied an old gentleman's gun, and afterwards made it my own.

Tom. Very well boy, and did you keep it so ?

Teague. Keep it, I would have kept it with all my heart while I lived, death itself could not have parted us, but the old rogue the gentleman, being a justice of the peace himself, had me tried for the rights of it and how I came by it, and so took it again.

Tom. And how did you clear yourself without punishment.

Teague. Arra dear shoy, told them a parcel of lies, but they

they would not believe me, so I said that I got it from my father when it was a little pistol, and had kept it till it had grown a gun, and was designed to use it well, until it had turned a big cannon, and then sold it to the military; they all fell a laughing at me, as if I had been a fool, and bid me go home to my mother and clean the potatoes.

Tom. And how long is it since you left your own country?

Teague. Arra dear honey, I do not mind whether a fourth-night or four months, but I think myself it is a long time; they tell me my mother is dead since, but I won't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand, for she is a very good scholar, suppose she can neither read nor write.

Tom. was you ever in England before?

Teague. Ay that I was, and in Scotland too.

Tom. And were they kind to you when you was in Scotland?

Teague. They were so kind that they kick'd my arse for me, and reason was, because I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drank in the company, though the landlord and his two sons got mouthfuls of it; they would have me to pay all, though I did not drink it all, I told him it was a tricking of travellers, first to drink off his liquor, and then to kick him out of doors.

Tom. I really think they used you badly, but could you not beat them?

Teague. That's what I did, beat them all to their own contentment; but there was one of them stronger than me, who would have killed me, if the other two had not pulled me away, and then I had to run for it till his passion was over: Then they made us drink and agree again; we shook hands and made a bargain never to harm other more, but the bargain did not last, for as I was kissing his mouth by saint Patrick, I did bite his nose, which caused them to beat me very fore for my pains.

Tom. Well Pady what calling was you in Scotland?

Teague. Why sir, I was no business at all, but what do you call the green tree that's like a whin bush, many people makes a thing to sweep the house of it.

Tom. O yes, it is called a broom.

Teague. Ay, ay, you have it, then I was a gentleman's broom, only waited on the horses, and washed the dishes for the

the cook ; and when my master rode a hunting, I run behind him along with the dogs.

Tom. O yes, it was a groom you mean, but I fancy you was but cook's mate or kitchen boy.

Teague. No, no, is was the broom that I was, and if I had stayed there till now I might have been advanced as high as my master, for the ladies loved me so well that they laught at me.

Tom. Ay, they might admire you for a fool.

Teague. What sir, do you imagine that I am a fool, no, no, my master asked council of me in all matters and I always give him a reason for every thing ; I told him one morning that he went too soon to the hunting, that the hares was not got out of their beds, and the barking of dogs, nor the blowing of horns could make them rise, it was such a cold morning, so they all run away and we did not catch any of them, 'cause we did not see them ; he told my words to serveral gentlemen at dinner with him, and they admired me for my wisdom, and told him I was certainly a man of great judgment, for my head was all in a lump ; they told me they were to go a fishing along with my master and me in the afternoon, but I told them it was a very unhappy thing to go a hunting in the morning, and a fishing in the afternoon ; yet they would try it, but they had better letten it alone, for it came on a terrible night of south-west wet and even down rain, so the fishes got all below the water to shun the shower, and we got none of them.

Tom. And how long did you serve that gentleman Pady ?

Teague. Arra dear honey, I was with him six weeks, and he beat me seven times.

Tom. For what did he beat you, was it for your madness and foolish tricks ?

Teague. Dear shoy it was not, but for being too inquisitive, and going sharply about business. First, he sent me to the post-office, to enquire if there was any letters for him so when I came there, I asked if there was any letters for my master to-day ; then they asked me who was may master ; sir said I, it is very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name ; at this they laugh'd mocking me, and said they would give me none, if I would not tell my master's name ; so I

return'd

return'd to my master, and told the impudence of the fellow, how he would give me no letters unless I would tell your name, master; my master at this flew into a very great passion, and kick'd me down stairs, saying go you rogue, and tell my name directly, how can the gentleman give a letter to them he knows not who is asking for it. Then I returned again, and told them my master's name, and they told me there was one for him, I looked at it being very little, and asked the price of it, they told me it was six-pence; six-pence said I, will you take six-pence for that small thing, and sell bigger ones for two-pence, faith I am not such a fool, you think to cheat me now, this is not a conscionable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my master of it first; so I came again and told my master thinking he would be pleased with me for acting so well, but when I began to tell him they would have six-pence for his letter and was selling bigger ones for two-pence then he took up his cane and broke my head with it, calling me a thousand fools, saying the man was more just than take any but the right for it; but I was sure there was none of them right, buying and selling such dear penny-worths; so I came again for my dear six-penny letter, and as the fellow was looking through a parcel of them seeking for it again to make the best of a dear market I pick'd up two, and home I come to my master, thinking that he would be well pleased with what I had done; now said I, master, I think I have put a trick upon those fellows for selling the letter so dear to you; what have you done? (said my master) said I, only taken other two letters, here is one for you master to help your dear pennyworth, and I'll send the other to my mother, to see write to her; I had not the word well spoken, till he got up his stick and beat me heartily for doing so, and sent me back to the fellows again; I had very ill will to go, but no body would buy them of me by the way.

Tom. Well Pady, I think you was to blame, and your master not right, for he ought to have taught you how to have gone about these affairs, and not to beat you so.

Teauge. Arra dear honey, I had too much wit of my own to be taught by him, or any man else; he began to instruct me after that, how I should serve the table, and such nasty things as those; one night I took a roasted fish in one hand,

and a piece of bread in the other, the old gentleman was so saucy he would not take it, but told me I should bring nothing to him without a truncher below it; the same night as he was going to bed, he called for his old slippers and a piss-pot, so I clapt in a truncher below the piss-pot and another below the slippers, and then I went to him one in every hand; no sooner did I enter the room but he threw the piss-pot at me which broke both my head and the piss-pot at a blow; now said I the devil is in my master altogether, for what he commands at one time, he countermands another; next day I went with him to market to buy a sack of potatoes, I went to the potatoe merchant, and I asked him what he took for the full of a Scots cog, he measured them with, and he asked no less than four-pence; four-pence said I, if I were but at Dublin I could get the full of that for nothing, and in Cork or Kingsale far cheaper, them is but small things like pease said I, but the potatoes in our country is as big as your head, fine meat, and made up in blessed mouthfuls; the potatoe merchant called me a liar, and my master called me a fool, so the one fell a kicking me, the other a cursing me, I was in such bad bread between them, that I called myself both a liar and a fool to get off alive.

Tom. Pady, I don't think you are such a fool as you make yourself, you might pass for a philosopher.

Teague. A filusifar, my father was a filusifar, beside he was a man under great authority by law, condemning the just and clearing the guilty, do you mind how they call horse's mother?

Tom. Why they call her a mare.

Teague. A mear, I very well minded well, by shaint Patrick my father was a mear in Cork.

Tom. O rare Pady, you behaved like a man; but what is the reason that you Irish people swear always by shaint Patrick, what is this shaint Patrick;

Teague. Arra dear honey, he was the best shaint in the world, the father of all the good people in our kingdom, he has a great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling on his name, he was the first that shew the potatoes in Ireland, for he knew it was a bit of good fat ground, it being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood.

Tom. But dear Pady, is shaint Patrick yet alive that he hears the Irish people when they speak of his name?

Teague.

Teague. Arra dear honey, I don't know whether he be dead or alive, but it is a long time since they kill'd him the people turn'd heathens, but he would not change his profession, but was going to run the country and take his gospel away to England, so the barbarous people of Dublin cut off his head, and what do you think he did when his head was off?

Tom. What could a dead man do you fool.

Teague. Dead, faith he was not such a big fool as die yet, he swim'd over to England after this, and brought his head along with him.

Tom. Pray Pady, and how did he carry it and swim too?

Teague. Arra dear honey, he carried it in his teeth.

Tom. O Pady that won't hold, I must have caution for that.

Teague. If you wont believe me I'll swear it over again.

Tom. And how did you get safe out of Scotland at last?

Teague. By the law dear honey, when I came to Port Patrick and see my own kingdom, I thought I was safe at home, but I was clean dead, and almost drowned before I could get riding over the water; for I with 9 or 10 passengers more, leaped upon a little young boat having but four men dwelling in a little house in one end of it, which was all thicket with deals; and after they pulled up her taither stick, and laid her long halter over her main, they pulled up a long big sheet like three or four pair of blankets to the ridgen of the house; and the wind blew in which made her to gallop up one hill and down another, I thought she would a run to the end of the world, if some part of the earth had not holden her.

Tom. I fancy Pady, by this time you was very sick?

Teague. Sick, ay sick, beyond all sickness, clean dead as a door nail, for as I had lost the key of my backside, I blocked up all from the bottom of my belly, and I thought liver and lungs and all that I had should have gone together, then I called to the fellow that held by her tail behind, to pull down his sheet and hold her head, till I got leisure to die and then say my prayers.

Tom. Well then Pady, and did you get safe on shore at last?

Teague. Ay, ay, we came ashore very safe; but by shaint Patrick I shall never venture my dear soul and body in such a young boat again, while the wind blows out of Scots gallows.

Tom. Well Pady, and where did you go, when you went to Ireland again?

Teague.

Teague. Arra dear honey where did I go, but to my own dear cousins, who was now become very rich, by the death of the old buck his father, who died but two weeks before I went over and the parish had to bury him, it did not cost him a farthing.

Tom. And what entertainment, or good usage did you get there Pady?

Teague. O my dear shoy, I was kindly used as another gentleman, for I had now made something of it in my travels as well as himself, but I had got no money therefore I had to work for my victuals the time I staid with him.

Tom. Ho poor Pady, I suppose you would not stay long there?

Teague. Arra dear honey, I could have lived there long enough, but when a man is poor his friends think but little of him, I told him I was going to see my brother Harry; Harry said he, Harry is dead; dead said I, and who killed him? why said he, death; allawe dear honey, and where did he kill him? said I, in his bed said he; O what for a cowardly action was that, said I, to kill a man in his bed; and what is he this fellow death? said I, what is he, said he, he is one that kills more than the head butcher in all Cork does; arra dear honey, said I, if he had been on Newry mountain, with the broges on, and his broad sword by his side, all the deaths in Ireland had not killed him: O that impudent fellow death, if he had letten him alone till he had died for want of butter milk and potatoes, I am sure he would have lived all the days of his life.

10 JU 52

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